*Shallow* Come on, come on, come on ſir, giue me your hand ſir, giue me your hand ſir, an early ſtirrer, by the Roode: and how dooth my good coſin Silens?

*Silence* Good morrow good coſin Shallow.

*Shallow* And how dooth my cooſin your bed-fellowe? and your fayreſt daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*Silens* Alas, a blacke wooſel, coſin Shallow.

*Shallow* By yea, and no ſir: I dare ſaye my cooſin Wilham is become a good ſcholler, he is at Oxford ſtill, is hee not?

*Silens* Indeede ſir to my coſt.

*Shallow* A muſt then to the Innes a court ſhortly: I was once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they will talke of mad Shallow yet.

*Silens* You were cald Luſty Shallow then, coſin.

*Shallow* By the maſſe I was cald any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeed too, and roundly too: there was I, and little Iohn Doyt of Stafford-ſhire, and Blacke George Barnes, and Francis Picke-bone, and Will Squele a Cotſole man, you had not ſoure ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in al the Innes a court againe: and I may ſay to you, we knew where the bona robes were, and had the beſt of them all at commaundement: then was Iacke Falſtaffe (now ſir Iohn) a boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

*Silens* Cooſin, this ſir Iohn that comes hither anone about ſouldiers?

*Shall.* The ſame (ſir Iohn) the very ſame, I ſee him breake Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not thus high: and the very ſame day did I fight with one Samſon Stockefiſh a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Ieſu, Ieſu, the mad dayes that I haue ſpent! and to ſee how many of my olde acquaintance are dead.

*Silens* We ſhall all follow, cooſin.

*Shal.* Certaine, tis certaine, very ſure, very ſure, death (as the Pſalmiſt



Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certaine to all, all ſhall die. How a good yoke of bullockes at Samforth faire?

*Silens* By my troth I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certaine: Is olde Dooble of your towne liuing yet?

*Silens* Dead ſir.

*Shal.* Ieſu, Ieſu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a ſhot a fine ſhoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a would haue clapt ith clowt at twelue ſcore, and caried you a forehand ſhaft a fourteene and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of Ewes now?

*Silens* Thereafter as they be, a ſcore of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

*Shal.* And is olde Dooble dead?

*Silens* Heere come twoo of ſir Iohn Falſtaffes men, as I thinke.

*Enter Bardolfe, and one with him.*

Good morrow honeſt gentlemen.

*Bard.* I beſeech you, which is Iuſtice Shallow?

*Shall.* I am Robert Shallow ſir, a poore Eſquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iuſtices of the Peace: what is your pleaſure with me?

*Bard.* My Captaine, ſir, commends him to you, my Captaine ſir Iohn Falſtaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a moſt gallant Leader.

*Shall.* He greets me wel, ſir, I knew him a good backſword man: how doth the good knight? may I aske how my Ladie his wife doth?

*Bar.* Sir, pardon, a ſouldiour is better accommodate than with a wife.

*Shallow* It is well ſayde in faith ſir, and it is well ſayde indeede too, better accommodated, it is good, yea in deede is

it,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 2* (STC 2228a) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.12) Octavo